

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

# **the losers club (plus one)**

**orphan\_account**

## the losers club (plus one) by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

"He lives in a town where there's no lost paper boat, no sewers drawing him near, no mind numbing pain, not even any monsters to fear- because Bill makes sure to chase them out from under his bed every night when he asks, of course."

AU where Georgie lives and gets to bond with the Losers Club and nothing awful happens.

## the losers club (plus one)

### Author's Note:

idk how much i like this but i wrote it for myself and worked hard so? still wanted to share.

Georgie Denbrough is six years old.

He's a happy child. Growing up in a town like Derry hasn't stopped him from being so. A town where there might be the occasional strange occurrence here and there, a town where people sometimes went missing and never showed up again, a town where the worst seems to be brought out in everyone who lives there—

but not Georgie. He lives in a town where there's no lost paper boat, no sewers drawing him near, no mind numbing pain, not even any monsters to fear- because Bill makes sure to chase them out from under his bed every night when he asks, of course.

His world revolves around his older brother. Georgie looks to him like he's the one who lights the stars in the sky and makes the sun rise. Maybe that's a big part of why Derry isn't so bad to him. If Bill's there with him, it can't be.

And over time, having Bill means Georgie has even more than just that, when he gets to know his friends better and soon becomes a part of them all.

—

The line at the food stand is long, the ball park full of families and other kids Georgie's age. He's standing next to Richie in the line, looking unsure.

"I don't know." There's a frown on his face. "Isn't two *too* much?"

It isn't the idea of getting himself two ice creams, per Richie's suggestion, that he's against. It's the thought of not listening to Bill. It makes Georgie feel uneasy.

“Georgie, my man.” Richie leans down so he’s eye level with him. “That is one lesson you’re going to learn today: you can *never* have too much ice cream.”

He’s still not convinced just yet.

“But Bill says too much will make my stomach hurt.”

“Well then how about we get you three cones instead of two to balance it out?” Richie decides. Just like that, Georgie’s face lights up.

“Makes sense to me!”

He doesn’t bother trying to question Richie again, he feels silly for doing it in the first place. Bill might know a lot but so does Richie; he’s the one who helped Bill when he was teaching Georgie how to ride a bike. He tells funny jokes and even if no one else in the room laughs, Georgie always does, because Richie *is* funny. Richie with his funny jokes, his funny voices- he’s even started to do the voices for characters from Georgie’s favorite Saturday morning cartoons (not very good impressions, someone else might think, but to Georgie they’re perfect).

It isn’t until it’s their turn in line and Richie pays for not one or two but *four* ice cream cones, then drops one when they walk off from the line and mutters “*shit on a stick*” after he does so that Georgie asks him something else.

“Isn’t that a bad word?”

“What? Stick?”

“No, the other one.” Georgie licks his first ice cream cone absentmindedly. He knows it’s a bad word, his question is really why Richie would say it in public, around other people, where a mom or a dad might be able to hear him.

Richie doesn’t skip a beat when he tells him, “It’s not a bad word. It’s just a word.”

“My mom says...”

“Your mom probably says it too.”

Georgie already knows she does.

“Adults are like that,” Richie continues. “They say them and use them, then tell you you can’t. But that’s stupid. They’re only words. Fun words! Like fuck.”

Georgie marvels at that.

“Fuck,” he repeats in awe, just to see what it sounds like. It feels more funny than fun, like it shouldn’t be coming from a voice like his, it doesn’t sound nearly as cool as it had when Richie said it.

But his tune quickly changes when Richie exclaims “*alright!*” and gives him a high five.

Later that night, when he’s in the living room with Bill, he gleefully shouts “FUCK!” after dropping his Legos from the couch, excited to test out his new word.

The next morning Bill’s telling Richie he’s on a strict “no-Georgie” time out for at least a week.

That lasts for about a day.

—

Stan is the one who teaches him the little things, but possibly the most important things at the same time.

“What’s that one?” Georgie asks, pointing at another bird picture in Stan’s big book, because he knows Stan will know.

“A snow goose,” he proves him right. “They come out in Maine during winter the most.”

“Like snow!” Georgie cheers, and Stan smiles a rare smile. That’s part of why Georgie likes talking to him about birds so much, the other part being he thinks all the stuff Stan knows happen to be the coolest things since paper boats.

He turns his attention back to his coloring page after that, concentrating hard, but only for a few moments until he's bored again.

He looks over at Stan. "Can we go bird watching again this weekend? Bill has a project to do so he can't take me swimming."

"I'm starting to think you like going more than me." But Stan's smiling even bigger now. Georgie knows that means yes.

He smiles back before his eyes turn back down to his coloring page. The coloring looks sloppy, even at six years old he knows it. He huffs.

Noticing his frustration, Stan asks if he can borrow the crayons. Georgie lets him. He watches as Stan carefully colors in the remaining blank pieces, watches the way he takes his time, making sure to stay in the lines.

Georgie's amazement is obvious and he begs Stan to show him how, so instead of looking through his own book Stan spends the next hour guiding Georgie's hand with his, teaching him how to keep his coloring nice and neat.

When the weekend comes and Stan shows up to go bird watching, Georgie brings a sheet of blank paper and crayons instead of any actual coloring pages. He listens as Stan talks about the birds in the park, his eyes flickering from Stan to the birds to the paper in his lap the whole time.

Once it's time to go home, Georgie's finished the drawing he's worked on for hours. He gives it to Stan to keep.

"I have to practice more," he says, but Stan looks like he's staring down a masterpiece as he glances over the flimsy scrawl, Georgie's attempt at a bird.

He made sure to even write the name of the bird down to show he listened, he hopes Stan notices.

(He does).

When Stan takes the drawing with him he doesn't hesitate to hang it

on the wall, so he'll have something to look at instead of that *other* painting. It helps him more than Georgie will ever know.

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He's walking hand in hand with Eddie (who offered to walk him home since Bill wasn't able to) when he manages to trip on the sidewalk, his body flying forward, knee scraping against the hard cement. It stings, but Georgie only starts to cry when he notices the blood.

His tears and the stinging are too much of a distraction for him to see Eddie quickly leaning down, almost on instinct, pulling something out of the fanny pack always secured around his waist. Stuff that looks like medicine, Georgie realizes once the tears aren't making things so blurry.

"It's alright, Georgie." Eddie's voice is calm and soothing. It immediately makes Georgie think *okay, it is*. "It's only a scrape, those are easy to clean."

He nods, wiping at his wet eyes.

"Who's your favorite superhero?" Georgie doesn't realize the seemingly random question from Eddie is meant to distract him while he cleans the scrape, so he's quick to give an honest answer.

"Superman. He's strong."

Eddie hums, pulling something else out. This time it's band aids.

"They're not Superman, but The Hulk is still strong." He carefully places the band aid on Georgie's now clean scrape (he'll make a mental note to add Superman to his collection of band aids if he can find any at the pharmacy).

Georgie's still pleased, at least, staring at the band aid with a slight smile.

"See, look at that!" Eddie's smiling back. "You're strong too."

Georgie laughs, the stinging now forgotten. In a way, though he

doesn't realize it, he's helping Eddie just as much as it is the other way around.

Georgie doesn't baby Eddie. Doesn't look down on him, doesn't see him as a sickly little thing who can't fend for himself. He looks up to him, thinks he's smart, thinks his inhaler is neat.

And in times like this he lets Eddie watch over him, lets him be the one nurturing someone instead of it always having to be on himself. He lets Eddie take care of him in the genuine way Eddie wishes his own mom would sometimes, and that's enough.

They're walking again when Georgie asks him where he got his fanny pack from, to which Eddie says he doesn't remember.

"I want one," Georgie says with a sigh. "It's *so* cool."

"Cool?" Eddie repeats, clearly not used to hearing *that*.

"Yeah. I could keep all sorts of great stuff in one of those."

Eddie starts to walk a little faster, his steps more confident now. Georgie holds onto his hand tighter so he can keep up. "I can get you one," he finally offers after a few moments of thinking.

"*Cool!*" Georgie says again, and Eddie smiles.

—

When Beverly starts hanging out with the group, Georgie is the one who can't get enough of her more than anyone.

He loves spending time with her, loves listening to her talk about anything, even loves it when she squeezes him in a hug and blows raspberries on his cheek to take him by surprise.

She's his favorite babysitter, so he makes sure to request her when Bill has to ask someone from the group for the favor on a Friday night.

"What's your favorite color?" Beverly's asking him, face serious.



“Blue,” Georgie says at first. Then, “No. Yellow!”

The seriousness leaves her face, a grin showing instead now. “Lucky for you, kiddo, I’ve got both of those.”

She holds up two nail polish bottles. Georgie nods in approval.

His eyes follow her the entire time, trying his best not to move too much. Beverly idly tells him about her day while she paints his tiny nails, Georgie listening closely. That’s why she’s the best babysitter. She acts so comfortable around him, like he’s one of the older boys, not someone below her or anything. She makes him feel ten feet taller than he really is.

“Okay, done.” Beverly blows on his nails. “Do you like them?”

Of course Georgie does, looking down at his fingers the same way he admires the colors in his painting books Stan bought for him.

“Can I try?” he eventually asks her, picking up one of the polishes.

“Go for it!”

Beverly shows up to meet everyone else the next day. Her fingers still have the crudely painted on polish coated over them, dozens of colors since Georgie wanted to try them all. Some pieces missing paint, most of it on her actual hand instead of the nails. She’d done her best not to wash any of it off.

“What the hell is *that*?” Richie asks when he notices.

Waving her wildly colored fingers in the air proudly, Beverly lowers them one by one until just the middle one is still raised at him. “The work of a young, budding artist, *thank you* very much.”

Bill tells Georgie about it later before bed, leaving out the middle finger part.

Georgie promptly makes sure to tell him, “She’s my girlfriend now, Billy.”

“They don’t have any picture books. These are all boring.”

Georgie’s eyes scan down the aisles, occasionally picking up a book he can reach only to put it back. Earlier, when Ben announced he was going to the library, Georgie asked to accompany him, since things with Ben always turn out fun. Now he’s not so sure he should have tagged along.

He looks over, wondering why Ben hasn’t answered him. Immediately he sees why.

Instead of paying attention to him, Ben had been staring off elsewhere. His eyes set on one person, like there’s no one else in the room (if Georgie were older he’d understand that part to be more true than he knows then).

Beverly is standing in a different aisle, not close enough to be able to hear or notice them but close enough for both boys to see her.

“She likes you, you know.” Georgie forgets all about the picture books then.

Ben’s eyes widen, the words immediately snapping him back into focus.

“Huh?”

“Beverly. She likes you. I know because she always shares her headphones with you, and she plays the music she knows you like, and she’d only do that if she likes you.”

Ben looks uneasy now, realizing how observant he can be. “That’s just what friends do.”

“She doesn’t share them with anyone else!” Georgie insists. “Besides, she’s my girlfriend too. So I know.”

He calls Beverly his *girlfriend* all the time now, half because he’s still too young to fully understand what the word means, half because he just likes having a special word to use with Beverly.

Still, one thing he does know is the different way Ben acts around

Beverly. He gets shy, he gets nervous. His cheeks turn red around her and he laughs louder than anyone when she makes a joke. At six, Georgie isn't too young to notice Ben thinks of Beverly differently than he does everyone else.

Ben is quiet, clearly at a loss for what to say, which is unusual. He's at his most talkative when around Georgie- Ben had always wanted a little sibling to spend time with, to not feel so lonely.

"Do you like her?" Georgie presses.

"Yeah." Ben doesn't bother to hesitate. Maybe he can already tell there's no point to it. "Maybe... maybe you could help me. What do you think?"

There's no shame in his voice at asking a boy years younger than him for help with his crush. Like Beverly, Ben always makes Georgie feel a little taller too.

He's all too eager to help. Really, Georgie's helped Ben for a while now without knowing it. When he gets to hang out with everyone and they split into partners for a game, he always picks Ben. He gives the flavored candy he doesn't like to Ben, not anyone else. He makes Ben feel like a first choice, never makes him feel left out of anything.

It only makes sense he also helps Ben get the girl.

"We'll make her a card!" Georgie decides.

Ben doesn't bother trying to explain he's already sort of done that. Instead he lets Georgie lead him out of the library, careful not to let Beverly see. They spend the next hour making the perfect card, one with glitter and all sorts of colors and a note from Ben asking Beverly if she'd like to go see a movie with him that weekend, next to a smiley face drawing courtesy of Georgie.

"Don't forget to sign your name!" Georgie reminds him.

Ben smiles knowingly and does just that-

and by the next weekend, he can say "*she's my girlfriend*" too, thanks to his six year old wingman.

—

On top of being the reason Ben and Beverly finally make it official, Georgie is the first to find out about Richie and Eddie.

It happens the night Bill invites everyone over for a group sleepover. Georgie stays in his own room for the most part. Sometimes it's a time to join them and other times it isn't, he figures tonight is one of those. He only gets up in the middle of the night because he has to use the bathroom, by then everyone else is asleep.

Or they're *supposed* to be asleep. When Georgie swings the door to the bathroom open, he almost screams.

His face is one of horror, he's sure, and it matches with Eddie's dropped jaw. Richie only looks mildly bothered.

"You were *kissing!*" Georgie exclaims. For some reason, it makes Eddie's face wash over with relief, if only for a moment. Like he had expected his look of disgust to be about something else. "Not even Ben and Beverly kiss!" As far as he knows.

"It wasn't kissing! We just—"

"In the *bathroom!*"

"*I know.*" Eddie looks miserable now.

It takes over ten minutes for Richie and Eddie to explain to Georgie kissing isn't something only married people can do. It takes even longer to get him to understand he can't tell Bill or anyone else.

Richie tells him it's a secret, even when Georgie insists he never keeps secrets from Bill. Eddie manages to convince him it's a special secret, and it won't be one forever.

"It just has to be for now," he says.

Georgie still doesn't fully get it, but he decides it's not his place to get anyways.

For someone his age, he does a good job at keeping his mouth shut

after that, not even coming close to spilling the beans, except for when he's walking with the entire group and he holds Richie and Eddie's hands, only to let go and push their hands together instead—he doesn't think it should have to be a secret.

A few months later when the truth does come out, Bill tries to explain the new development to the group in his own way to Georgie when they're alone.

“Oh, I already know.”

“You... y-you *know*?”

“Yeah. They kiss and everything, it's gross. Want to play Legos?”

Bill blinks, impressed.

“A-alright then.”

—

Georgie loves the fair.

He loves the food, the rides, the energy. He switches from staying by Bill's side as they all walk together to being carried around on Richie's shoulders. When they buy a big popcorn to share he eats more of it than anyone. And when they decide to go on the fair's newest ride, a rollercoaster, Georgie is the most excited.

Until Bill says he'll have to sit the rollercoaster out. He's too young, too short to ride.

“I'll sit this one out and stay with him,” Eddie offers a little too quickly.

“No way!” Richie lifts him a little and spins him around despite Eddie's protests. “Who else am I gonna puke on?”

Eventually it's Mike who decides to sit out with him while the others wait in line. He doesn't say so to Georgie, but Mike had been looking forward to the ride maybe more than anyone.

“This stinks.” Georgie kicks at a couple of rocks. “I wish I was older.”

“You don’t have to be old to play the games,” Mike offers, in an attempt to cheer him up. It works, if only a little, and they both head over to the fair games instead.

At one booth there’s a line up of stuffed animals against the wall, waiting to be won. Georgie’s eyes immediately light up and Mike notices.

It takes a couple of tries, but soon enough he’s hit enough balloons to win one of the toys. His eyes scan over them, then look down to Georgie.

“Which one do you like most?”

“The sheep!” Georgie points excitedly.

It’s the same animal Mike had shown him when he and Bill visited the farm. Georgie’s *loved* the animal ever since. “*I wish I could take one home with me,*” Mike remembers him saying.

“Sorry,” the guy running the booth interrupts. “You didn’t win enough for that one.”

“What about the duck?” Mike asks.

He hands the stuffed animal to Georgie after, hoping he won’t be too disappointed. Georgie’s happier than could be, clinging to his new duck for the rest of the day, sticking to Mike’s side instead now and swinging his hand in his, repeatedly reminding everyone “*He won this for me!*”, affectionately naming the duck *Sheep*.

Georgie decides it’s even better than some dumb rollercoaster. With the beaming smile on Georgie’s face, the way it makes Mike feel good about himself, he decides it’s better too.

—

Of course, Bill is always Georgie’s favorite at the end of any day.

Bill is the one who looks out for him, cares for him, treats him like

any big brother should. Bill shares his dessert with him at dinner and lets Georgie watch whatever show he wants even when it's not his turn to pick and pretends to lose at most video games they play so Georgie feels like the winner.

It's the little things that all turn into one big thing. It's why Bill is his world and at six years old he figures he always will be.

"I love you, Billy." He says it one night just because he can, when they're hanging out on the floor instead of the couch (because Georgie thinks that's more fun) and he's sitting in Bill's lap while a movie plays.

Bill doesn't say it back, just starts to tickle him until the movie can't even be heard over his laughter.

He doesn't have to say it back. Georgie already knows more than anything.

—

Georgie Denbrough is six years old.

Because there is no lost boat, no tempting sewers, no pain and no monsters, he'll be turning seven soon.

He's a happy child, because he's been given the chance to continue to be so.

When anyone asks how many friends he has, he has the same answer every time.

"Seven, but my brother's my bestest."

### **Author's Note:**

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